

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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A Last Visit

Oh! just drop in for a visit
On your homeward way at night,
Where your dearest Friend is waiting
In behind the small red light.

You can tell Him that you love Him,
It's an easy thing to do,
For He wants no stilted phrases,
And but seeks the heart of you.

You will feel His eyes upon you,
While His arms are open wide,
As the purple shadows lengthen,
In the peace of eventide.

Oh! it only takes a moment,
Yet the graces shall not end,
That are yours as you linger
In that visit to your Friend.

What a rhapsody of silence!
Still the way is clear and bright;
While the heart is burning in you,
As you whisper your "good night."

—Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Approaching St. Peter's from the Tiber, one sees to the left a high hill entirely encircled by massive, time-scarred masonry and crowned by a group of modern buildings. The wall-girt hill looks like a fortress—and rightly so; it is called Sangallo's Bastion, and was constructed under the direction of the architect of that name for the defense of the Leonine City. Today its warlike features are nothing but a memory, a reminder of troublous times long past. The new buildings of buff-colored brick, reinforced concrete, and Travertine stone, fully equipped with telephones, elevators, electricity, running water, and oil-burning heating system, have just been completed with funds raised or borrowed through the instrumentality of a former student, the Cardinal Archbishop of Chicago. The group forms what is known as Propaganda College. This venerable seat of learning was the goal of Father Casey and his young Friend, Lawrence Dwyer. They left the street car at the last stop before St. Peter's.

"Piazza Scossa Cavalli," Dwyer read the sign cut into a marble slab on the street corner. "What would that mean in plain United States."

"The Square of the Bucking Bronchos—or words to that effect," Father Casey hazarded.

"'Ride 'em, cowboy,' wouldn't go here—not enough elbow room in this little square; and besides a fellow might get tossed into that fountain in the middle. What's the big building to the right?"

"The Palace of the Sacred Congregation of the Eastern Church."

"I used to think," Dwyer rattled on, "that a palace was exclusively a place where kings hang around and make laws and play pinochle and sign death warrants and such. Over here they seem to call everything a palace if it is bigger than a two-family flat. And this palace is—what did you say—an Eastern Church?"

"The Headquarters of the Sacred Congregation of the Eastern Church." Noting the blank expression on Dwyer's face, the priest inquired: "Didn't you understand me?"

"I heard the words all right, Father Tim, but they don't mean a thing to me."

"I have told you often that the Holy Father governs the Church mostly through commissions made up of Cardinals, Monsignori, canonists, theologians and their office force. There is, for example, a commission to look after religious orders of both sexes; it is called the Sacred Congregation of Religious. There is a commission appointed to see that the Sacraments are administered with becoming respect; it is the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments. Among others there is also a commission for matters pertaining to the so-called Eastern Churches,—the Churches that still keep the ritual languages they used centuries ago; instead of saying Mass in Latin, they say it in Greek Armenian, Ruthenian, Syrian, etc. It is called the Sacred Congregation of the Eastern Church, and its officers are located in this building."

By this time they had rounded the palace and come out on the Via dei Penitenzieri. On one side is the large building which Pius XI has just remodeled to serve as an elementary school, next the beautiful new headquarters of the Jesuits; across the way, the Hospital of the Holy Spirit where the sick poor have found refuge and care for hundreds of years. At the old arched gateway, Porta Santo Spirito, in the Leonine Wall, they left the main street and climbed the hill to the Propaganda College.

It was the afternoon recreation hour, and the students were taking the air after a strenuous day of study and class. The distinctive uniform of the Propaganda—black cassock, bright red sash, bright red buttons—was seen everywhere. A lively game of volley ball engaged a Dane, a Chinese, a Rumanian, and a Croat on one side, while a tall dark youth from Dutch Guiana, two East Indians, and an Irishman supported the other. Nearby an American Negro was tossing quoits with a Scotsman. Under one of the great spreading pines milled a laughing chattering crowd made up of Japanese, Hollanders, Jugo-Slavs, Austrians, Siamese, Englishmen, Syrians, Ammanites, Armenians, Greeks, and other nations and tribes too numerous to mention. A student hurrying by paused an instant to greet Father Casey.

"Where did you see him before?" Dwyer inquired.

"In Buffalo, New York," the priest replied.

"Father Tim, this—this—why, this is the League of Nations!"

"That is precisely what G. K. Chesterton said when he visited here."

"Believe me," sputtered irrepressible Larry, "Chesterton was right!"

"Only," the priest commented, "This League was not founded by

the group that won the war and grabbed the booty and then wanted to make sure they could hold what they had. Oh, of course, they wanted also to promote universal peace and happ—, I mean, commerce among men. What I am trying to say is that the League of Nations you see here on the Bastion of Sangallo is not the League of Nations you read about in the papers."

"This League here was founded by Our Lord," suggested Dwyer.

"Precisely. But He called it a sheepfold, which is a lot cozier and more get-togetherish than a League. And His plan was to have everybody join it—regardless of whether they could balance their budget or not. And there was to be but one fold and one Shepherd. When He sent out His first organizers, He said: 'Euntes . . . docete omnes gentes.' Going forth teach ye all nations. The league here has taken these words as its motto. You will find them chiselled in marble, set in mosaic, painted on canvas, even traced in bright red rose blooms on the flower beds: Euntes docete omnes gentes."

"But, Father Tim—"

"What's on your mind now?"

"I don't understand this whole business. Coming down the street this morning, we met a group of students in red cassocks; you said they were from the German college. Along came another group in purple cassocks; they were from the Scots' College. And so on. Every nation has a college of its own here in Rome where it sends a selected number of its students to be trained for the priesthood. Isn't that true?"

"Yes; at least all the principal nations have such a college. These national colleges do not attempt to maintain a teaching staff. Their young men go out for class to one of the great ecclesiastical schools. Many of the national colleges send their students here for the daily lectures in Theology, Philosophy, Scripture, Canon Law, Church History, and so forth. Had we arrived a few minutes earlier this evening, we should have met two or three hundred of our own fellow countrymen swinging down the hill—going back home to the American College after the afternoon classes. See the large building here on our left. It consists entirely of lecture halls. The staff counts some of the ablest professors in the world—from Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, Spain, Holland, Ireland, Palestine, Armenia, China."

"But," Dwyer urged, "all these young men we see here, with the

bright red buttons and sashes on their cassocks, where do they go?"

"They don't go; they live here."

"That is what puzzles me. Each nation has its own college, yet here we find a college with representatives from all nations."

"Be puzzled no longer. The explanation is simple; those other colleges are national colleges; this is Propaganda."

"Propaganda?"

"Yes, don't you know what Propaganda is?"

"Sure! It's the dope they hand out during war time to make everybody mad enough to eat black bread, go without sugar, and subscribe to government bonds."

"Come now, Larry, don't pretend to be dumber than you really are. Listen. Four hundred years ago Martin Luther and his gang staged the Protestant revolt. After the smoke of battle had rolled away, the reigning Pope, Gregory XV., looked over the wreckage, and this is what he saw: half the nations of Europe, with their colonists in America, Asia, Australia, Africa, apostates from the Church—priests banished, bishoprics suppressed, monasteries destroyed—scarcely any loyal clergy to keep alive the few smoldering sparks of faith—the teeming millions in pagan countries lying helpless in the darkness of the shadow of death with nobody to carry among them the torch of faith. To cope with this desperate situation he formed a commission—a commission for the spread of the faith. Officially it is known as *Sacra Congregatio de Propaganda Fide*. The commissioners knew that to spread the faith among the people you must tell them about it, you must go forth and teach all nations. For this you must have missionaries. They decided to conduct a seminary and train an army of heroic missionaries who would go out into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature. They arrived at this decision on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1622—'that marvellous Epiphany of the seventeenth century,' says Castellucci, 'which signified the moral and material redemption of millions of men.' The college was actually founded five years later under Urban VIII., and from it, for three centuries, has gone forth a steady stream of tried missionaries to carry the faith of Peter to the furthest corners of the earth. But the title '*Sacra Congregatio de Propaganda Fide*' is long, and missionaries are busy men. They shortened it to 'Propaganda.' And today, Propaganda, with a capital P, when it refers to persons, means the commission for the spread of the faith, when it

refers to a place, it means this college under the jurisdiction of the commission."

"How many different nations are represented here?"

"At the present moment, thirty-five. The course is six years. They spend autumn, winter, and spring here in the city, and the summer vacation at Castel Gandolfo, out by the lake in the Alban Hills. In the long, close intimacy of student life these young men of divers nations and races and tongues learn to know and understand one another. Each one recounts, as students will, countless narratives of home and family, of neighbors and childhood friends, of native customs and hopes and fears and aspirations. Thus each one, during his years at Propaganda, acquires a more exact and thorough knowledge and understanding of the varied peoples than he would gain from a tour of the world. After six years of study and prayer in the atmosphere of Eternal Rome, among the hallowed shrines of martyrs and sages and saints, he is ordained to the priesthood and commissioned to go forth and teach. Back among his own people once more, he is a powerful emissary of universal peace and good will. He helps them to out-grow age-old prejudices against other nations; he makes them see underlying kindly, or at least, innocent intentions where formerly they saw only enmity and aggression; he helps them to understand that other ways and other customs may be good as well as their own. In a word, the missionaries, who have become one in heart during their years at Propaganda, labor to make all nations one in charity. And they know that the one bond that is strong enough and broad enough and lasting enough to bind together the peoples of the earth in one family, is the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church."

Lawrence Dwyer had been listening closely. Meanwhile his eyes were fixed on the strangely assorted group that left their games at the call of the bell and filed into the chapel, there to unite in prayer to the common Father of all and to crave the protection of that gentlest of creatures whom Caucasian, Mongolian, and Negro addressed: "Mother of God and my Mother also." Suddenly he wheeled and demanded of the priest:

"Father Tim, why wouldn't they adopt that same bond of union in the new League of Nations?—then it would have some chance of procuring lasting peace."

"Yes, why wouldn't they?" echoed Father Casey.

A Short Cut to Heaven

ADRIENNE ESCOUSSE

"Why bother about religion *now*?" the girl on the couch yawned lazily. "There'll be time enough to worry over saving one's soul when one's too old to have fun!"

Beth Williams regarded her room-mate doubtfully. "But, May," she protested. "You know we were taught to go to Mass and communion and to . . . well, to think about things like that part of the time, anyway!"

May Hammond stretched daintily and rose to her feet. "Well, its a long road we travel on earth and I mean to stop in all the attractive places to play . . . regardless. And when I get on my death bed *then* I'll repent and be as well off as the rest of you . . . sort of take a short cut to Heaven, see?"

Beth gasped and the other girl turned on her impatiently. "Why not? Don't you read of loads of people who lead wicked lives and then die 'in the arms of the church'? Why not me? And you?"

Beth subsided thoughtfully. May had begun to dress. A wisp of chiffon that covered her young body with about as much concealment as a pocket handkerchief might have done, a short velvet wrap thrown about her slim shoulders to protect her bare arms and back against the wind until she should have arrived at the place to which she was going.

Dancing in Lent. That had begun the argument. Beth had never danced during Lent, had never failed to make the Friday stations, to observe the fasts and penances of the season. But here in the city, working with May, rooming with her, listening to the older girl's philosophy of life, hearing her laugh because Beth refused to do this and that, and because she sent most of her salary check home to her people instead of using it to spend on finery had upset Beth's ideas . . . and ideals. She began to doubt herself, to wonder if, perhaps, May wasn't right. After all, she argued with her conscience, you're only young once, might as well take everything . . . why get up for Mass on Sunday mornings when the softness of your bed is so inviting? Why be a wet blanket on the parties May "threw" because your obsolete scruples prevented your taking a little drink and laughing at jokes that made you glad of the concealing darkness of the car in which you were riding?

She thought of her mother. Lillian Williams had never, to quote May, "stopped to play in attractive by-paths." She had followed a straight road, shouldering her burden when she had one, raising a family of six in an age of one or no children at all. What had she gotten out of life? Her mother's face stood out in the girl's memory . . . smiling. Mom seemed to enjoy herself . . . certainly she laughed more than anyone Beth knew . . . even May who did exactly as she pleased always. Suppose Mom had been like May, refused to have so many children, slept late Sunday mornings instead of getting up and getting herself and the children off to Church? She would have been younger looking . . . prettier . . . and now she was fifty . . . she would still have had plenty of time to "be good" and take May's "short cut to Heaven!"

"Whose future are you deciding, Puritan?" May demanded.

Beth rose to her feet. "Mine," she laughed. "I believe you're right May . . . I'm only twenty . . . there'll be loads of time when I'm fifty or sixty to take your short-cut. Lend me that rose colored evening dress of yours and I'll go dancing with you!"

"Yeah? And crab the party at midnight by wanting to come home 'because you've got to go to church in the morning'," or because "Tom's jokes make you blush?" May demanded.

Beth shook her head. "Don't worry. I've turned over a new leaf. Here's to fun where you find it . . . with no conscience to guide you!" she laughed flippantly.

The two girls with May's escort paused at the curb for a taxi.

"We'll pick up Bill Hillman for you, Beth. He'll be at the Golden Peacock," Tom Terris announced. "He's a swell guy on a party. Hold more liquor than the Audubon pool holds water! And has he got a line . . . and a technique. Baby, you'll fall for him!"

"And how!" May laughed, leaning against Tom's willing shoulder in the taxi.

Beth's conscience pricked her for a moment and then subsided. Consciences, even the best of them, soon take on a thick and protective skin against abuse.

Traffic was heavy in the block of the night-club. With a shrill grinding of brakes the taxi pulled up and the trio got out. Tom grinned foolishly as he helped May get out. She grinned back and patted the bulge in Tom's pocket. "S'good stuff," she declared loudly.

It must have been for both of them were unsteady on their feet and seemingly fatuously pleased with themselves. Beth smiled wanly. She hadn't liked the contents of the flask. It burned her throat, brought the tears to her eyes. Maybe, later, she could "hold" more.

Suddenly May shook off Tom's arm and pointed across the street. "Look, there's Bill leavin' now. Mushn't let 'im leave. Need 'im to show Beth how to play!" And with that she darted swiftly from the curb into the swirling mass of traffic. Beth's throat constricted and she closed her eyes on the horrible vision before her.

Unsteady feet, a poor pair of brakes on an uprushing car, a sickening "scrunch" and a piercing frightened scream. A minute of silence and then the bedlam of excited people clustered around the still, twisted form of May Hammond. An ambulance swept up and two white coated internes, aided by a policeman, pushed back the crowd.

Beth's eyes implored one of the internes as the stretcher bearing May was placed gently in the ambulance.

"Relation to the girl?" the man inquired gruffly.

"She is my room-mate . . . my friend."

"Sorry, Miss," the man replied in a kinder tone. "She won't live until we get her to the hospital hardly. Skull cracked."

Blindly, Beth shook off the suddenly sobered Tom and hurried from the scene. She would have to go to the hospital of course. The shock and the horror of the interne's words left her weak and spent. She felt an overwhelming urge to sit down.

The big Jesuit's Church loomed up in the lights of Baronne street and following a sudden impulse Beth went in, slipped quietly into a pew in the rear of the church and bent her head on two slim arms.

Grief for the butterfly, May. And then the realization of the folly of the other's philosophy. Death came when least expected. One couldn't depend on death bed repentances. She lifted her eyes to the statue of Christ crucified. Turned to the painting of the Ascension. Death and the resurrection. She shuddered violently. If one lived May's way . . . what would the resurrection be like? The speciousness of the thoughts she had been entertaining all evening struck home. There were no short cuts. One must be good . . . not only to assure a place in Heaven but for sheer love of God and goodness. Like her mother. Her mother had the greatest happiness mortal life could offer . . . a devoted husband, a family of devout children . . . here Beth

winned as she thought of her own dereliction . . . And now she thought about May's good times. Were they good times? Weren't they really imaginary? Didn't May and May's crowd do the things they did more because they felt it was expected of them than because they enjoyed it? May hadn't been happy in spite of her declarations. She hadn't been even well . . . too little sleep and too much to drink, mental unrest . . . all those were not conducive to happiness!

Suddenly Beth realized that happiness had to be built on faith in something. May's faith had been in herself . . . and that Beth realized now had not been strong, otherwise it would not have needed the constant protesting . . . the convincing of herself that May had indulged in.

Penitently, Beth raised her head to look at the crucifix and whispered: "Forgive me, Father, and keep me in the middle of the road, don't let me stop . . . for anything. I know now that there can be but one way to go . . . and no short cut to Heaven!"

FRIENDSHIP

"Little actions are great when they are well done. A little action done for the glory of God, with a great desire to please Him, is more agreeable to Him than a great one performed with less fervor. We must, then, study especially to do well little things which are so easy, and which offer themselves at every moment, if we would grow in the friendship of God."—St. Francis de Sales.

Dear Father: Last March my boy became suddenly ill. He was taken to the hospital immediately, and an operation for a ruptured appendix was performed. Gangrene had already set in. After the operation the doctor said, rather hopelessly, that they had done all they could for the boy. The following day I began the 15 Saturdays, begging Our Mother of Perpetual Help to save my boy. I had been attending the Tuesdays regularly. Five days after the operation the boy was pronounced out of danger. The doctors and nurses were surprised at this sudden change for the better and said it was beyond their power. I am most grateful to Our Mother of Perpetual Help, and wish to thank the congregation for their prayers.—St. Louis, Missouri.

A Sheaf from the Harvest

MARTIN A. BRINGAZI, C.Ss.R.

"An ever memorable day in the annals of Mexican Catholicity in Texas will no doubt be the 19th of June, 1921, the Feast of Our Mother of Perpetual Help. Heaven and earth united in perfect accord to bid the Redemptorist Fathers a hearty welcome, and usher them into their new field of labor. The sun in all his magnificence and splendor poured down a flood of golden light upon the throngs of cheerful faces which reflected the joy that welled forth from grateful hearts. From the lips of the Rt. Rev. Arthur J. Drossaerts, D.D., to those of the humblest Mexican, a prayer ascended on high, to thank the Almighty for having sent the sons of the great missionary, St. Alphonsus de Liguori, to espouse the Mexican cause in Texas.

"The ceremony of the solemn dedication of their headquarters, located on Knob Hill, San Antonio, was beautiful in its simplicity. The St. Alphonsus Men's Society, and the Sodality of the Children of Mary, both with their respective banners, advanced a quarter of a mile down Conception Road to welcome the Bishop. Upon his arrival the Mexican orchestra rendered a salutation; whereupon the procession wended its way to the Church of Perpetuo Socorro, chanting hymns in honor of Our Blessed Mother. On nearing the church, the procession passed through the lines of school children, filed on both sides of the street, and all the faithful knelt to receive the Bishop's blessing.

"Immediately after the arrival, a Solemn High Mass coram episcopo, was chanted by the new pastor, Very Rev. Edward Molloy, C.Ss.R., assisted by the Very Rev. Alexander Chapoton, C.Ss.R., rector of Our Lady of Perpetual Church, Kansas City, Mo., as deacon, and Very Rev. Charles J. Harrison, C.Ss.R., superior of St. Gerard's Church, of this city, as subdeacon. The Rev. F. Schneider, C.P.P.S., acted as master of ceremonies. After the gospel, a very spirited address was delivered to the congregation in Spanish, by the Rev. Miguel Oñate, C.M.F. The Mass was beautifully rendered by the Mexican girls' choir under the able direction of the Sisters of the Holy Ghost. After Mass, the Very Rev. Edward Molloy, C.Ss.R., addressed a few words of appreciation, and pledged his whole-hearted service as well as that of the Rev. Fathers under his charge, to the Mexican cause. Finally the

Rt. Rev. Bishop, through one of his usual heart to heart talks, captivated every listener by his natural eloquence.

"A huge stone, he said, was lifted from his heart when the Redemptorist Fathers assumed care of a most abandoned portion of his flock, for they took charge not only of the parish of Our Lady of Perpetuo Socorro, but also of the following mission stations in the country: St. Aloysius, Westhoff; St. Joseph, Nixon; St. Anthony, Elmendorf; Our Lady of Guadalupe, Greytown; the churches of Lavernia, Saspamco, and Calaveras."

This year, 1931, the feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help rounded out the first decade of service of the new community whose formal beginning is described in the preceding paragraphs taken from the files of the Southern Messenger, published in San Antonio.

On that memorable occasion you might have looked in vain for the man whose work was the real foundation and beginning of the Perpetual parish. Rev. John B. Muehlsiepen, C.Ss.R., who, at the invitation of His Excellency, John W. Shaw, D.D., then bishop of San Antonio, and now archbishop of New Orleans, had inaugurated the work of the Redemptorist Fathers among the Mexicans of Texas, was a patient in the Alexian Brothers' Hospital, Chicago. Father Muehlsiepen, unable to follow Christ's call to the sanctuary in his own country on account of the Kulturkampf which was raging against the Church in the Germany, left his family and fatherland, and entered the preparatory seminary of the Redemptorist Fathers in Kansas City, Mo., in 1886. Having completed his novitiate and higher studies, Father Muehlsiepen was ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop John J. Glennon, D.D., the first of a long line to receive Holy Orders from this renowned prelate. In December, 1911, Fr. Muehlsiepen went to Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico, where he passed eight months in the study of the language, the customs and habits of the people, in order to fit himself to work among the Mexicans in the United States. Padre Juan's first church was a little chapel on Vine Street and so poor that it had no floor save the bare earth. On December 20, 1914, Bishop Shaw, San Antonio, officiated at the dedication services of the new Iglesia del Perpetuo Socorro on Knob Hill. Most Rev. Leopoldo Ruiz, D.D., Archbishop of Morelia, Mexico, preached the sermon. Fr. Muehlsiepen's unbounded zeal drove him on until failing health of body forced him to retire from the field. When he entered upon his task, there was nothing: when he retired in 1918,

there awaited his successor a well-organized parish. There were a church, and a school conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Ghost; there were sodalities for the various classes: through his efforts streets had been laid out, water-mains installed and street-lamps placed by the city officials. He neglected nothing and no one—except himself. He gave himself generously and unreservedly that he might win back to God the souls of the poor Mexicans who wandered like sheep without a shepherd. To-day Padre Juan awaits the last summons of his Master; meanwhile, with marvelous patience, fortitude and resignation, he continues to support by prayer and sufferings the Fathers and Brothers who carry on his work. Truly, "El buen Pastor."

Exiled Josephite Fathers from Mexico, and later two secular priests were next in charge of the parish. Upon the invitation of His excellency, Arthur J. Drossaerts, then Bishop of San Antonio, the Redemptorist Fathers, in 1921, again took up the work, accepting Perpetuo Socorro as a new foundation in the city. The seed planted by Fr. Muehlsiepen had sprouted and was growing up into a large tree whose branches were to extend far beyond the field first entrusted to his care.

The Very Rev. Fr. Molloy, C. Ss. R., was appointed the first superior of the new community. His assistants in the work of the parish and of the mission-stations accepted at that time were: Fathers Charles Schneider, J. Mueller, J. Hecker, Jos. Beine, Nicholas Oehm, and Mathias Justen. Fathers Muehlsiepen and Joerger were assigned to the community soon after, though neither were able at that time on account of ill-health to take active part in the work. In fact, Padre Juan has been confined to Santa Rosa Hospital ever since his return to San Antonio. On December 22, 1921, the Rev. L. Pregonzer, C. Ss. R., joined the young community. Bro. Juan, Justo Gomez, was the first lay-brother.

The spiritual labors of the first Fathers definitely established the character of the work. In the beginning only Very Rev. Fr. Rector and Fr. Schneider had any practical knowledge of the language or of the people. Accordingly, the Rev. Fr. Oñate, C. M. F., was engaged to give instructions in Spanish to the Fathers. His kind services and the lessons learned in the hard school of necessity and experience soon enabled the new community to be of real service. As soon as the first census was completed and after the church had been renovated, Fr. Oñate, C. M. F., was invited to preach the first mission, which closed on

Christmas, 1921. At that time the parish embraced a large part of the eastern section of the city and extended half way from the city limits to St. Hedwig's. Outside of the city, the following stations were attended every week: Elmendorf, Saspamco, Cañada Verde, Greytown, and Westhoff. Lavernia and Nixon were visited twice a month. In November, 1922, the first catechism centers to which the children, and at times adults also, were gathered for instruction, were established in the outlying sections of the parish. The catechizing was done, as it is to-day, by the Fathers who were aided in certain places by the Sisters of the Holy Ghost. These religious have been faithful from the very beginning, going after school, and even on Sundays, to teach catechism, in the centers and mission-stations. The work of the mission-stations can best be described as a sort of continuous mission: sermons and instructions for children and grown-ups; ordinary and extraordinary devotions, especially the rosary on Saturday evenings; the administration of the sacraments; visits to the sick and the careless; the preparation of children, and even of many adults, for their first confession and Holy Communion.

(To be continued)

WHAT KIND OF GLASSES ARE YOU WEARING?

What we see in things depends to a great extent on from what angle we view them and what kind of glasses we wear. Similarly what we see in nature around us and in our fellow-men depends on our view of life.

Some perceive nothing but the husk of things because they have no faith. Faith enables us to see things in their true dimensions and meaning.

An anonymous poet has illustrated this truth in these lines:

To view Niagara Falls one day
 A priest and a tailor took their way.
 The priest cried out, while lost in wonder,
 Thrilled by the cataract's flash and thunder:
 "Lord, how thy works amaze our eyes
 And shake our souls with ecstasies!"
 The tailor made this simple note:
 "Lord! what a place to sponge a coat!"

It Couldn't Have Been an Accident

MYRTLE CROSS

Maryian Dale regarded it with a sigh as it lay on the floor in three pieces. Why had she been so careless as to fling her hat across the room and hit it?

"Gosh, if Aunt Anna knew that I had broken the statue of the Virgin Mary she brought me from Rome," she breathed as she began to pick up the pieces tenderly.

She looked around for something to hold it together until she could get it to town and have it mended, properly. Being a nurse, the first thing she thought of was the role of sticking plaster in her bag.

She was too tired to take much pains for she had just returned from ten days of double duty, but when she had finished all the pieces were in their proper place and the dainty little statue, decorated with rows of sticking plaster, stood in its accustomed place on her night table.

As she looked at the statue, it brought back a humiliating, heart-breaking moment nearly two years ago when the thing had happened that had taken the sunshine from her life and left her with only one determination—to work hard enough to forget.

She had been in training and Dr. Gerald Mandice, tall and handsome with steady grey eyes and brown hair, had just begun to be known in medical circles as a brilliant young doctor with very clever fingers for plastic surgery. Often he was called in cases of accidents and plenty of times Maryian watched him repair broken bits of skin and tissues so that not even a scar was left where otherwise there might have been enough disfigurement to mar the life of a sensitive person.

There had been a particular case where he had been called to a young girl who had been in a bad wreck and her face was badly torn. Maryian had been in the operating room assisting. It had seemed little short of a miracle to Maryian as she watched him place the torn features back in place.

She had been so busy marveling that his fingers could be so light and so sure, that she had not noticed that he was particularly cross this afternoon and that his orders were a little more curt than usual. Plenty of times as he worked he snapped out orders to Maryian but she knew that was just his way. For he was not always cross. Sometimes, when the work was done and they were alone, his voice would grow so tender

and soft that it made Maryian almost faint with happiness just to listen.

But one of the younger nurses resented his tone and as soon as he left the room she turned to the nurse in charge and said spitefully.

"He must think he's a plastered Saint."

Plastered Saint! Maryian could hardly believe her ears. That was their name for anyone who thought themselves just a little bit better than others.

Maryian looked at the young girl who was still on the operating table. How hard he had worked with her and yet this simple minded girl was calling him a Plastered Saint!

Maryian knew that the girls had all tried to make Gerald Mandice notice them and flirt with them in the corridors but he had been too absorbed in his work to pay any attention to them.

Of course, there had been times when they had been on night duty together and everything had been quiet, he would come to Maryian's desk and tell her of his dreams.

"Some day I'm going to be a great plastic surgeon," he would say his face aglow with ambition. "Luckily, I don't have to earn a living so I can afford to help those who couldn't afford to have help otherwise."

"That's wonderful," she would say softly. He was wonderful to her.

"Gee, today I saw a case that I'd like to work with. A poor child had been shot with a firecracker and the side of her face was all marred. I know I could fix it—well, I can hardly wait until I'm competent."

His ability grew with his enthusiasm. Some of the older doctors would compliment him and he would come to Maryian and tell her about it as eagerly as a boy.

"You're a great helper—just to sit and listen to my ravings," he would tell her sometimes.

"I don't call it ravings," she would retort warmly.

"I know you don't. I couldn't tell anyone else, but somehow I just can't help telling you," he would say. His eyes would say more but he did not. They told her that as soon as her training days were over and he had made a place for himself, he would whisper to her what his eyes were trying to tell her now.

And here were those silly girls calling him a 'Plastered Saint'. She couldn't sit calmly by without defending him.

"You mean a 'Plaster Saint', don't you?" she asked coolly, sharply, just as Gerald had come into the room.

He had looked at her strangely, then turned on his heel and left without a word.

She had meant, of course, that his hands could work miracles with a few bits of sticking plaster but she wondered if he had understood it that way. She had waited anxiously for him to come to her with more of his confidences but he did not come.

She kept hoping and praying that he would come to her and tell her he had understood but he avoided her when ever he could.

It was two years now and her heart was heavy. She knew that he did not intend to come. Perhaps he had even forgotten. He had thought she was making fun of him and there wasn't anything she could do to explain. It was all so foolish but it had happened and was ruining her life.

She was a graduate nurse now and on special cases. She seldom saw him for he never asked her to attend any of his patients.

"Oh, get to bed foolish," she told herself sternly. "Mother will be in here to scold you. It's nearly ten o'clock and there's no telling how soon you'll have to go back on duty."

She didn't undress but just lay across the bed, thinking to rest a moment and then take a hot bath. She was debating with herself whether to continue to pray to the Virgin Mary to help Gerald to understand or just to forget.

It was only a few moments later that her mother came running into her room to tell her that there had been an accident down the street and she was needed at once.

Instantly alert, Maryian was ready, after a dash of cold water in her face had removed all traces of drowsiness.

She ran down the street for nearly a block and pushed her way through the crowd that had already gathered around the overturned car.

Another nurse came almost immediately and she turned the man over to her and began to attend to the child, a girl of about eight.

The blood was gushing from a torn place on the side of her face and from her arm that was almost torn from her body.

"She'll bleed to death before the ambulance gets here. I'll have to take her home and try to stop this blood myself," she told her mother. "Get some hot water and call Dr. Mandice at once."

She stooped and gathered the child in her arms, and carried her to her own room and put her to bed.

She went to work to stop the blood but it seemed a hopeless task. She was indeed thankful when Gerald came running into the room.

"Here, hold the arm this way," he ordered. "Now steady while I bring this piece of flesh in the right position. Hold that arm up—"

Although she was already so tired that she could hardly stand, she forgot everything else and obeyed him intelligently.

At last they were through. The blood had stopped and the flesh was as near in place as he dared until the danger of bleeding was over.

"There's an internal injury that is serious and I'm afraid she can't be moved for a day or two. She can stay here with you?" he asked almost curtly.

"Certainly," Maryian replied calmly.

"And you'll start sleeping right now," her mother informed her. "She has been on double duty for ten days and hasn't slept at all for twenty-four hours."

"Double duty?" Gerald frowned. "Don't you know that never pays?"

Maryian merely shrugged her shoulders. He wouldn't understand if she told him that she had stayed because the people could not afford another nurse.

"You get to sleep and I'll stay with your mother until I can get another nurse here," Gerald ordered sternly and there was nothing to do but obey him.

She went to her mother's room and when she awoke the next morning she was gloriously refreshed after a good night's sleep.

She dressed with unusual care. She was going to see him again! She was not a pretty girl, but she had two even rows of snowy white teeth, beautiful blue eyes and a smile so charming that you forgot that her features were not perfect and that she was almost plain.

She had wanted to get to the room and straighten things before he came but the other nurse had attended to that and he was entering the door the same time as she did.

"Good morning," she nodded to him professionally.

"Good morning," he nodded. "As soon as you get some hot water you may go, Miss Jones," he told the other nurse.

For half an hour he examined the child and Maryian did his bidding.

"I think I can run the risk of carrying her to the hospital," he decided at last.

"Either way is a risk, isn't it?" she asked timidly.

"Yes. She's badly injured inside and a move might start the wound to bleeding again. But that arm has got to be attended to. Both the father and mother are in the hospital and they have turned the case over to me entirely. What would you do?"

Maryian almost jumped at the question.

"Why, I'd do what I thought best," she stammered.

"If you were in the mother's place, would you say the same thing?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, as far as I was concerned. But if you think it too big a risk to take all the responsibility, why not get another doctor's opinion?" she suggested quietly.

He nodded and sighed.

"You're right. If I made a mistake—I'd better call Overton. I'd rather not have all the responsibility unless it is absolutely necessary."

There was a telephone in her room so he put in the call and while he waited for the nurse to summon the doctor he looked at Maryian and then at the little statue on her night table that had been stuck back together with sticking plaster.

"You'd hardly call Her a 'Plaster Saint' even though she is plastered together," he remarked, trying to speak naturally, but she could hear the bitter note in his voice.

She blushed but returned his look bravely.

"There's a big difference between a 'Plastered Saint' as the other girl spoke it and a 'Plaster Saint' as I mean it, Dr. Mandice," she answered calmly before she went to stand beside the child on the bed.

He had to attend to the telephone then and could not follow but as soon as he had made his request of the other Doctor came and forced her to meet his eyes.

"Will you please tell me what you meant by a 'Plaster Saint?'" he asked huskily.

The chance she had prayed for for so long was here and she was afraid to meet it. But there was no denying the look in his eyes so she had to reply.

"It's an unfortunate expression that I happened to use to rebuke a girl who was angry with you. That's all. I was really trying to pay you a compliment. It's a very bad habit we all have of comparing ordinary human things with the things we worship," she said slowly.

"I heard what that girl said and knew what she meant, but it did not matter. It was what you said—I realize now that it was because I cared so much and thought you were making fun of me. I had poured out my heart, my ambition, my dreams to you and I imagined it must have caused you much merriment. Will you forgive me?"

"For misunderstanding?" she asked, her heart in her eyes.

"No, dear, for doubting you," he murmured.

Professional etiquette was forgotten as he gathered her close in his arms for a moment.

"You will marry me, won't you?" he asked before he let her go. "Soon? Very soon?"

"Just as soon as possible," she replied.

After that he had to let her go and attend to his patient. Dr. Overton came and agreed with Gerald that the child could be moved.

Maryian phoned for the ambulance and then began to obey Gerald's orders as he told her how to prepare the child for the trip. His voice was far from being the angry crisp voice he had used that day so long ago when he had operated. There was a soft, happy note in his ordering today. At times he would look up at her and smile happily.

"But you're not coming," he told her when she began to prepare to go with him. "I couldn't operate with you standing close beside me today. You're to stay here until I return. There's so much I want to tell you."

"I'll be waiting, Gerald," she said very softly, as he brushed her lips in a brief "good-bye."

"I'll be back as soon as I can manage it. Wish me luck?"

She went with him to the front and saw the child put comfortably into the ambulance, then she went back to her room and regarded the statue thoughtfully.

"Oh, Virgin Mother, most beloved, did you break just at the right moment to answer my prayers? Or was it merely a coincidence?"

She smiled at her words, for she knew, and went down on her knees for a prayer of thanksgiving.

A Modern Girl's Road to Sanctity

MARGARET SINCLAIR

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Margaret was now in the convent.—her beloved convent of the Poor Clares, which had so long been the object of her desires. Her happiness was supreme; this was, as she had said, "paradise." Everybody that saw her was impressed by her radiant appearance. Even the hardest duties were easy for her. As Extern Sister she had to do the begging for the Convent,—but she never lost her sunny cheerfulness and her sweet simplicity.

But her paradise was of short duration. After a few weeks the old symptoms set in again, and the doctors declared that she had tuberculosis of the throat. They advised sending her to the Sanatorium conducted by the Sisters of Charity at Warley. This was a sore trial; it was like going into exile, yet all the way she said: "It is the Will of God."

AT THE SANATORIUM

Her cheerfulness and appreciativeness for every little kindness were most remarkable. It appears, for instance, in some of her letters, as when she writes to her family:

"Our dear Mother Abbess sent the Sisters to me the other day, so I am now being quite spoiled; it is so good of Mother Abbess to think of her poor, ignorant child in this way and to bestow such love and kindness upon me. . . . Do pray hard, dear Mother, sisters and brothers, that Our Dear Lord will reward her great charity a thousandfold."

The Sisters in charge could not help admiring these qualities in her. The Superior of the Sanatorium wrote this beautiful testimony:

"She (Margaret) suffered very much physically from prostrating weakness, from constant breathlessness and choking in her throat, and from the humiliating necessities of her illness. She suffered also from loneliness, from being outside her convent and away from her Mother Abbess. She suffered from being transferred from one part of the house to another because her distressing, racking cough disturbed others.

"She suffered, too, from having to wait so long for death. Though she was longing to go, she remained always calm and resigned to God's most Holy Will, and she was always smiling. No word or breath of complaint or murmur ever crossed her lips. She was always thanking

God for everything and saying how good He was to her, and she so worthless. Holy Communion was her life. Her obedience was perfect. I might have been her Abbess,—she never seemed to question what I said.

"All who approached her,—and priests especially,—seemed so much impressed by her holiness. Bishop —, from Australia, went in to bless her on the eve of her death and whispered earnestly to her. As we came out of the room I said to him: 'That is a wonderful little soul, my Lord.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'you can see it in her eyes.'

"Several times I wondered where her faults were; I failed to see or discover any, and I saw her under great trials and sufferings, physical and otherwise. She was indeed a marvel."

A priest who was with her often and was able to form a competent judgment about her, pays this tribute to the sick Sister Francis, our Margaret:

"She was always suffering, but always cheerful. She never seemed in the least depressed, and edified all around her by her most exemplary patience and resignation. She wanted nothing but to do the Holy Will of God, and I could only marvel how one so young could have attained to such a heroic degree of virtue . . . It is almost a universal concomitant of the disease from which she suffered to be dissatisfied and hard to please; but Sister Francis never showed the least sign of impatience. She never asked for any relief; she was perfectly resigned to the Will of God; and during the time I knew her she simply waited with patience the certain summons of death.

"She was certainly a most privileged soul, and must have been most faithful to the call she received from God to dedicate herself to His service. She had the real spirit of her Order and probably did more by her hidden life than many others have done in a long and active life.

LOVE AND JOY

Evidently her cheerfulness and sense of humor, that were always traits of her character, did not forsake her even in her dreadful illness. The chaplain of the Sanatorium thus speaks of her:

"My frequent visits to her always impressed and edified me. She was very spiritual but she had a keen sense of humor, and up to the last she thoroughly enjoyed a good joke.

"Her love of God was wonderful. On one occasion she said to me through her tears: 'How nice it is to be able to suffer for His sake.'

"The outcome of her love of God was a corresponding love of souls. 'It is all for souls,' she would explain after an extra severe bout of pain."

Margaret's mother recalls that she had a great love for Ven. John Ogilvie, the Jesuit martyr of the Elizabethan days. Perhaps that explains her joyous spirit. When the Ven. Father Ogilvie was on his way to the scaffold, to die for his Faith, a Presbyterian minister, shocked at the apparent levity with which he was laughing with those around him, asked if he were not afraid to be so merry when he was so near his death. "We have a proverb in Scotland," replied the holy priest,—*"It's past joking when the head's off!"*

"Margaret loved Father Ogilvie," says her mother. "She had a book about him, and was always telling us stories out of it. They were kindred spirits."

As an illustration of Sister Francis' humor, her biographer tells the following incident:

"One day when Sister Francis was still able to be up for a little while with the invalids, a new nun, by name Sister Clare, was brought in. Sister Francis glanced at her. 'She is the only lady among you,' she said calmly to the others. They were slightly astonished. 'You are all Bernards or Johns or Columbas,' she explained, laughing."

HER GREAT COMFORT

It seems that God Himself stooped to comfort this holy soul that was always so closely united to Him. Father A. thus relates his impressions on seeing Margaret and repeats a conversation he had with her. What struck him most on his repeated visits was the intense yearning of her soul for her Divine Spouse. . . . "It seemed as if her whole soul were poured out in the whisper: 'I want to see Him, Father'."

"Our Lord always makes Himself present with you?" he asked.

"He is always with me," she replied.

"And you let Him do just what he pleases?"

"Yes."

"You will not forget that your holiness consists in doing just what you are told, for love of Him?"

"No, Father."

"Does anyone else speak to you?"

"Our Lady."

"What do you call her?"

"Mother."

"Is it often?"

"When He hides Himself, she comes to comfort me."

"Anyone else?"

"St. Joseph, once. I was very surprised, because I have had no special devotion to him. It was when my cough was very bad in the night."

"Anyone else?"

"My Guardian Angel helps to keep me awake in the morning and prepare myself for Holy Communion when I have been very bad at night."

"Was it the same," she asked the priest, "if she could only hear the bells of Mass from her room, without being actually present?"

He told her that every Mass was said in the name of and for all Catholics who wished to join themselves to it, and that she could unite herself to all the Masses that were being said in the whole world. This delighted her.

She must not be afraid, said the priest, if Our Lord were to hide Himself from her for a little while. He was there all the same in the depths of her soul.

She was ready to leave all that,—like everything else,—to Him, and told him that she was perfectly happy.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD

The Sister of Charity who nursed Margaret during the nine months of her sickness at Warley, adds:

"Another thing that impressed me was her great spirit of recollection. She seemed to live always in the Presence of God, yet she never made a show of holiness. Indeed it was her great reserve that impressed me most, together with her humility and charity. Never once did I hear her say an uncharitable word, and she was so grateful for even the smallest services.

"She had always the same sweet, heavenly smile, and never, even in her greatest sufferings, forgot her little word of thanks: 'May God reward you, Sister.' 'Oh, how good God is to me,' she would say often. As a rule, patients suffering from her complaint were exacting and hard to please; Sister Francis was an exception; she seemed to have no likes or dislikes. She kept her little secrets well, and did her mortification very quietly.

"She would never ask for anything. One day I brought her some grapes and she looked very pleased. 'Oh, Sister,' she said, 'Isn't God good to me? He sends me everything I wish for. Only yesterday I was longing for some grapes, and now here they are.'"

One evening Margaret said to the Sister:

"Oh, Sister, this has been a glorious day!"

"Why?" asked the nursing sister.

"Because it was a day of great suffering," she said with her sweet smile. "If I could only gain one soul for Jesus it would be worth it all."

HER SPIRIT OF OBEDIENCE

From the notes written by this Sister of Charity who was almost always with her even till the day of her death, we can see how beautiful was Margaret's spirit of obedience. This nurse says:

"She had a great love for her holy vocation, and she was always faithful in following, as far as she could, all the rules and customs of her religious life. She would resist any little attempt to make her more comfortable, if she thought it was not in the spirit of her Order. Yet she was perfectly obedient, and one had only to say: 'This is a hospital, Sister, and there are to be no mortifications here,' for her to yield at once, and let us do all we wanted. I often felt that it was a great humiliation to her."

"I could not see a fault in her," concludes the Sister, "and I asked her to look after me when she got to heaven. 'Yes, Sister,' was her answer, 'I never, never will forget you,' and I feel, for many reasons, that she is faithfully keeping her promise."

WELCOME, SISTER DEATH

"Blessed art thou, O Sister Death," said Saint Francis, Margaret's patron in religion, "who art to me the gate of Life." Margaret might have said these same words; they were spoken out of her heart.

From the very beginning she had no misgivings; she knew that she would not get well. Even in the early days of her illness she wrote to her mother:

"Now, dear Mother, you must not build up your hopes too high and expect a miracle; for, one week I might be very well and the next I might not be well at all; but I am better again."

She had no fear of death, the Sister who nursed her tells us, and talked about it as she would have done of her Profession day. I can do

no better than to give the description of her last night in the words of this Sister:

"She would talk about the Requiem Mass, and when suffering very much, she loved to speak of the joys to come. Her one great desire was for Holy Communion. On one occasion when she had a very bad turn, we really thought she was dying. She was so ill and exhausted that the chaplain came to give her Holy Viaticum. I stayed beside her bed for some time after, and I shall never forget the beautiful expression of her face. I could not take my eyes off her; it was a heavenly look, and she was smiling as if at some heavenly vision. After a little while I said to her: 'Sister Mary Francis, are you smiling at the angels?' 'Perhaps,' she answered, in her calm, reserved way. Then I said: 'Did you ever see our Blessed Lady?' 'Yes, Sister,' she answered. Whether she saw her then or not, I do not know. She kept her secrets well, and made no show of her piety, but one felt that one was in the presence of a truly holy soul.

"Each night she was getting weaker, with very bad attacks of breathlessness, but with always the same sweet smiling face, and kissing her crucifix till the hour of her death. Such a beautiful death I have never witnessed. The whole night through she was saying little prayers, such as 'Jesus, forgive me all my faults;' 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul,' and kissing her crucifix, a most happy expression on her face.

"About three o'clock she became weaker, but was still conscious, saying the same little prayers with such fervor. She was conscious to the end. Her last prayer was: 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul.' That last prayer made such an impression on me; it was said with such fervor and confidence that one felt that she was already in the arms of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

"It was the 24th of November, and Sister Mary Francis was twenty-five years old.

"It is a great consolation to feel that our dear Lord bestowed so many of His choicest graces on Sister Francis," wrote the Mother Abbess. "I am sure she will do great things from heaven for us all."

(THE END)

"Self-possession is the backbone of authority."—Richard Haliburton.

Houses

THE HOUSE OF CARDS

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

VII.

Sand Lake is a resort in upper Wisconsin that in summer has all the appearances of a thriving city. The lake itself is large—larger than a glance would indicate—because of the many bays and promontories that divert its shore line. Around it cottages, homes and estates are clustered in varying proportions. Some of the bays are exclusive, with only two or three luxurious homes and acres of well-kept property; others are crowded with shacks and cottages and cabins that seem from a distance to be built against one another, often two or three deep on the sloping shores, like an old pueblo village; other parts of the shore line—with their neat little houses, trim lawns, orderly arrangements, resemble the better class home-owners' row on a city street. Most of the homes have all the modern conveniences of the city.

Amid a section such as the last mentioned, Albert Pierce had engaged a cottage for the remainder of the summer. It had a name befitting both its position high up on a hill that sloped steeply back from the water's edge and its comfortable and pleasant appearance: a sign over the portal of the screened-in porch proclaimed it "Air Castle." It was just the place Albert had been looking for. It was different than anything Russell had been used to—and therefore interesting from the start. There were activities of every sort on and about the lake. Friendly neighbors, made more friendly by the vacation spirit that lays strict social conventions aside for the time; friendly gatherings day and night about the beach; friendly contacts with just the proper kind of people. The lake possessed an informal social center—where there were amusements, two or three dance halls, a large pavilion and an indefinite number of concessions where money could be spent and new acquaintances made almost at will.

Without going in for every form of activity offered by the environment of the lake, Russell still found it a most enjoyable place, and threw himself into a whirl of outdoor occupations in a way that made his father's heart glad. Almost before he realized it, Albert was congratulating himself on his good judgment. He could not conceive of a young man with the exuberant spirits of his son "giving up the world,"

as he sardonically referred to it, and becoming a voluntary "shut-in" in a church or monastery. The more he saw of his son—or perhaps the less he saw of him because of his constant activity—the more remote became his fear. Since the night they came home from their fishing trip, the sore subject had been broached by neither of them. But it was talked about between the father and mother—sometimes far into the night.

"Pauline," he said to his wife one night, as they sat on the cottage porch while Russell was down taking a last swim to top off the day, "this was the right idea. The boy's gone wild over the place. We'll buy this cottage, and come back every year. We'll buy one near it for him when he gets married. We've got him now." So swiftly his thoughts and wishes would carry him along into the future, as he sat in the dark and puffed contentedly on his pipe.

Pauline was less confident and not at all acquiescent. "We can't be too sure. Russell is not like other boys. He gets ideas and he sticks to them."

"Well, but he's human—very human—too human to be one of those priests. All we have to do is show him what there is in life. We're doing that now."

"And as for getting married—he's too young to even think about it; he doesn't care a snap for girls; and I don't want him to get married for a long time. If he gets married, you'll see him constantly at the office, but when will I see him? Scarcely ever. Let's leave that out of it for a while." Pauline was in an argumentative mood; she often was since her argument with Father Sheldon.

Albert was gracious. "Oh, I suppose we won't have much to say about his getting married. That'll come along in the course of things. All I mean is that if he would fall in love with some nice girl and we could get him to marry her, which shouldn't be very hard then, it would put a final stop to our worries and his aspirations for higher things." There was always sarcasm in his references to the priesthood.

"Even so, I don't like to think of it," said Pauline, obstinately.

"But, my dear," her husband returned, "you'd be willing to see him get married right now—rather than leave him open to the influence those priests and Jesuits have over him, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," she answered, and for some reason or another

rose and entered the house as Russell came up from the lake with a shout and a laugh.

VIII.

On a brilliant morning in August, the front door of "Air Castle" opened and Russell came out, garbed in swimming suit, with a towel around his shoulders, ready for his usual pre-breakfast swim. He stood on the top step of the porch for a moment, taking in the scene before him. The eastern sky was ribbed with elongated flimsy, sun-washed clouds. The lake spread out before him—almost still except for the thinning out wakes of the boats of fishermen that lightly troubled the waters where they passed. Russell left the porch with a leap and ran down to the shore. He circled the group of shrubs that formed a background for the swimming pier and without stopping made for the end of the diving board. He halted just three feet short—abruptly.

Seated on the end of the board, her feet dangling almost to the water, her hair let down over her shoulders, her green bathing suit like emerald in the sun—sat a girl.

"Oh!" she cried, as the diving board teetered under the oncoming rush of the young man. Her cry was not one of fear, but of surprise, tinged with apology. She turned towards him with a more expressive apology on her lips as she hastily began to remove herself from the diving board. Russell was too quick for her.

"Hello!" he said, rather breathlessly. Then, in the same breathlessness, he added: "Sorry!" and backing up a few paces he dove into the water from the side of the pier. He came up twenty feet from the shore and kept swimming out into the lake without once looking back.

When he returned after a swim of a mile or so, the girl was gone.

Still it was inevitable that they should meet and become acquainted. The girl, Russell soon learned, had just come out to Sand Lake with her parents. They owned the cottage next door to the one occupied by the Pierce's. The family name was Martin and the girl's name was Helen.

After their first abrupt encounter, Russell found himself a little shy about speaking to the girl, and for a day or so would look from the window to see if the coast was clear of her before going down for a swim. Eventually this became rather tiresome and entirely too restrictive, and he decided it was foolish as well. So the next morning he got up with a resolution to do what he pleased and when he pleased,

girls to the contrary notwithstanding. He prepared for his swim without a preliminary glance out towards the lake, and ran down as usual. As he half expected, there was the girl in the green bathing suit, seated on the end of the diving board.

"Good morning," he said, with some dignity, albeit a smile. "Are you always the first one in the lake?"

The girl arose and moved decorously back from the pier. "I don't know," she said, "but I do seem to be getting in other people's way quite regularly."

"Oh, that's nothing," Russell granted. "There's lots of room to dive. But being neighbors, as I hear we are, I suppose we might as well acquaint ourselves with one another. I'm known as Albert Pierce."

She caught the spirit of his unsophisticated openness and answered in kind. "They call me Helen Martin," she ventured.

"Now must we bow?" asked Russell with a grin. They bowed to one another half in fun and mockery. "That's the idea. Now we're formally acquainted—the silent trees our witnesses. After that I can swim in peace. How's the water?"

"Perfect," answered Helen, "I had to drag myself out."

"How about dragging yourself in again?"

"I might."

"Good. Come on. A hundred strokes out and a hundred strokes back. Can you make it?"

For answer she swiftly curled up her long hair, pulled on her bathing cap, and dove. Russell was only a second behind her.

After that they were together often. Athletically they found one another perfectly congenial. They swam, hiked, canoed, played tennis and other games together. Through the bond of their mutual liking for sports their acquaintance grew rapidly into friendship—a friendship that soon brought them to an exchange of ideas about more serious things in life.

One Sunday morning they met at the door of the little Catholic Church set back from the lake in a cluster of trees. Helen was with her mother and father! Russell was alone. More surprising still, they found themselves kneeling side by side at the railing for Communion. They were two of the handful—a dozen or so—out of the crowd that overflowed the church, who received. After Mass they had no chance to speak to one another.

That Sunday afternoon, however, they went out for a sail in the little cat-boat Russell's father had purchased for him. The breeze was very light—and under Russell's deft handling, the boat moved about steadily, it bows splashing lightly against the ripples through which it clove its way. Other sail-boats were out—in various parts of the lake. They formed a pretty picture—sun-brightened patches of white against the sparkling green water.

About four o'clock the breeze died suddenly, and Russell and Helen found themselves becalmed about three miles from home. The sail hung motionless; the boat scarcely even drifted.

"Can you imagine that!" said Russell. "Like the ancient mariner we are stranded on the bosom of the silent sea. Let no one kill any albatrosses that come around."

"Don't worry," answered Helen, "I wouldn't know how to kill an albatross, if there were any albatrosses around, if I knew what an albatross was. How long do you think this is going to last?"

"Oh, usually a little breeze comes up about half past five or so. We might get home on that. If there's a breath blowing, this ship will take it. In the meantime we'll have to play the waiting game with a vengeance, unless I can paddle home."

"Wait a little while. There's no use working that hard right away. We are not in a hurry, are we?" They made themselves as comfortable as possible—one in each end of the pit.

"Did you notice," asked Helen, "how surprised I looked this morning when we met at the church? I didn't know you were a Catholic. In fact I was under the impression that you and your family were not."

"No," Russell answered. "I didn't notice. I was too occupied with my own surprise over the fact that you were there. You are probably a much better Catholic than I am. I am only a convert."

"Only a convert!" said Helen, in a tone of mock depreciation. "I have known converts who were far better, far more fervent, far more authentic Catholics than many of us who have the faith from childhood. I imagine you are of that type. What brought you around to it?"

"It's rather a longish story, all told. My mother was a Catholic before she married Dad. She gave up her faith shortly after—for some reason that I can't get out of her—or perhaps for no reason at all. I knew her Catholic relatives and a little bit about the Catholic faith from

them. Then when I was going to school, circumstances arranged it so that they sent me to St. Ignatius' High and there I—well, I just read and studied about the Catholic religion, and it got me. I couldn't find any loop-holes—none that I could get out through. So here I am. Eighteen, white, free, and mighty happy to be a Catholic. That's the outline of the story."

"It's thrilling," said Helen, "especially for me, who have never had anything to do but drink in the faith from day to day. I sometimes wish I had had to work a little harder for it; I'm sure it would mean more to me. But tell me, didn't your parents raise any trouble about your conversion?"

"Well, I could see that they weren't thrilled to death over it. They compromised. They let me turn—but they yanked me out of St. Ignatius' the same day. I have an idea they thought I would voluntarily give it up as soon as I got away from the Catholic school and the priests. But I didn't." He smiled boyishly, for all the seriousness of his words.

"And the end is not yet," he went on, as Helen noticed the earnestness deepening in his eyes. "Not long ago I told them both—separately—that I wanted to be a priest. Came a storm. They haven't said much, but they're both up in arms. Ready to disown me and all that. Right now I think they're scheming to save me from a dreadful fate."

Helen kept her eyes from Russell's face. She tugged harmlessly at the sail rope bound around the boom, as the latter swung limply over the center of the pit.

Finally she said: "Are you going through with it anyway?"

"I am going to try."

"Do you know all that it means?"

"Perhaps not all—but quite a bit. Plenty of sacrifice, many a heart-ache, very little glory, and a lot of work. But I know that the game is worth the candle."

Helen could only say: "Gee, I wish I had your faith. Teach me some of it."

"Aw, you're kidding me." Russell dipped his hand in the water and flung a few drops at her. But his eyes began to wander out over the distant horizon and he spoke on, dreamily, almost reverently. "Life isn't so very long; and I know that there are thousands of people like I was, who would be glad to learn that there is something to it besides

a lot of grief and worry; something to work for besides a home that will only be broken some day anyway; besides money that can't buy real happiness; besides comfort that never gets in around a person's heart to make things easy there." He threw an expansive gesture out over the water. "I feel that it would be a great life to give up just what others work for, to be able to teach them to work for something else."

For a moment his dream possessed him as he sat in silence. Helen was silent too. They were drawn out of their absorption by the snap of the boom as the sail above them swung out under a suddenly rising breeze.

"Hooray!" shouted Russell, as he grabbed for the tiller. "We're homeward bound." He swung the boat to and let it lean with the wind directly against the sail until its keel almost appeared out of the water. "It's a good thing that wind came along. The good Lord only knows what I might have said next. I feel like a fool for letting myself rave on like that before you—a genuine Catholic—who could perhaps tell me more about those things than I could think up in a year."

"You're wrong there," answered Helen. "You've taught me a lot today. Some day I may prove it to you. I don't know how to say it—but you brought back a lot of things I used to think about. I got a glimpse of heaven from your words."

"Wow!" winced Russell. "Don't be like that. I'm liable to throw you overboard."

"You can't do that," she answered, and left him to figure out the hidden meaning she had somehow injected into the words.

He pondered then as the boat approached "Air Castle."

IX.

From the porch Albert Pierce saw the cat-boat returning from its trip. Saw Russell tie it to the buoy, let down the sail, then help the girl with him into the skiff that had been anchored there and row to the shore. Saw the two of them stand on the beach in earnest conversation before they parted. Saw them shake hands almost lingeringly. Heard Russell's words as they were flung up the hill after her when she had left him. "See you to-morrow!" and saw her smile back in reply.

Comfortably he mused. "That's that . . . Just as I expected . . . The boy's in love, if I'm any judge . . . With a fine girl too . . . I'll have to get acquainted with her people and help to move things along . . . Nothing like a little diplomacy in working these things out."

Russell came up on the porch.

"Hello, Dad."

"Hello, Son. Have a good ride?"

"Fine, except for a half hour of calm. Supper ready?"

"Almost, I think."

Together they went into the house.

(To be continued)

ON READING THE GOSPELS

The well-known French writer, Francois Coppee, a convert, writes thus of the effect of the reading of the Gospel upon him:

"During the weeks and months passed in my bed and in my room, I practically lived with the Gospel till, little by little, every line of the Holy Book became imbued with life for me. I saw the truth shine through its pages like a star, and felt it pulsate in me like a throbbing heart. Why should I not henceforth believe in miracles, after the miracle which the Gospel had just wrought in me? My soul was formerly blind to the light of faith; it now beholds that light in all its splendor. It was once deaf to the Word of God; today it hears distinctly its persuasive tones. It was once paralyzed by indifference; at present, it mounts heavenward with the eagerness of ardent love, while the vile demons that possessed it, have been driven out of it forever."

Dear Father: About three months ago the doctor told my father that he would have to undergo an operation in order to save his eyesight. I immediately began a Novena of Tuesdays, asking Our Mother of Perpetual Help that the operation be successful and also that we would receive enough money to pay all the expenses. In present conditions this was a matter of great concern to us. Our Mother's answer was prompt and generous. The operation was successful. After the operation he remained at home, and when he was well enough, he obtained his former position. Moreover, he began working a full week and OVERTIME, whereas before he went to the hospital, he was working only three or four days a week. To add blessing to blessing, two weeks after his return to work, we received a sum of money which enabled us to pay off most of the expenses. This money came from an unexpected source. Many thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help. I also thank the priests and the Congregation for their prayers.—St. Louis, Missouri.



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

Our Mother of Perpetual Help

SHARING OUR JOY

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

"That I may lead others to love and serve thee, Come to my Help, O loving Mother." (Invocation from the litany.)

Love is diffusive, is an old principle. It is the full heart, running over. It cannot hold a joy, it cannot hold a treasure without wishing to share it with others.

True love of Our Blessed Mother is such a treasure; it is indeed to him who possesses it a source of real peace, confidence and happiness. And it urges the blessed possessor to wish that as many as possible might share this happiness. And so the lover of Mary, our Mother of Perpetual Help, becomes an apostle of devotion to her.

So often has he knelt at Mary's feet, so often has he experienced her motherly care and tenderness, so often has she obtained the fulfillment of his prayers and brought relief and comfort and courage and help and most unexpected answers to prayers, that he yearns to make others know this source of blessing, our dear Mother.

From another angle, we find the same result verified: the lover of Mary becomes an apostle of devotion to her.

We cannot love anyone with that true love that is born of admiration and veneration without wishing that others too might know and admire the one we love.

Now, the more we seek to know our Blessed Mother, the more beauties we find in her, the more we find in her to admire. It is not only the overwhelming brightness of the great things that God has done in her in making her His mother and in bestowing upon her those magnificent glories,—her Immaculate Conception, her fullness of grace, her

stainless virginity, her glorious assumption into heaven; it is perhaps more the softer light of her beautiful virtues that compels our deepest and tenderest veneration.

At the sight of her sweetness and goodness and mildness and humility and kindness, at the thought of her courage and bravery and loyalty to Jesus through the dark hours of His Passion and seeming failure, we are so captivated that we cannot silence our hearts; we would have everyone know and love this blessed Mother. And even should she charge us "to tell no man," as Our Lord did so often in the Gospels, yet we cannot refrain, and the more do we glorify her before men and strive to bring others to know and love and serve her.

And this all the more because we have no doubt that we are only fulfilling the dearest wish of Jesus, her Son and her God. "All generations shall call me blessed," were the words the Holy Spirit spoke of her by her own inspired lips. We feel the urge that will not be denied to bring about the fulfillment of this prophecy.

But especially among those who are dear to us and those who are under our care do we feel compelled to make Mary, our Mother, known and loved. Impart to the little ones, in particular, from their tenderest years, this gift, second only to the love of Jesus,—the desire to love and serve Mary.

Therefore do we pray: "That I may lead others to love and serve thee, Come to my help, O loving Mother."

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dear Father: I wish to sincerely thank the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Mother of Perpetual Help for the help I received at two different times when serious danger threatened me, and I was spared. Please publish this in *THE LIGUORIAN*, as I promised to do.—Hayden, Colorado.

* * *

Dear Father: Except for a very few times, my father had been away from Confession and Holy Communion for 50 years. He is now 90 years old, and our constant prayer has been to see him receive the Sacraments before Our Lord called him. On the first Sunday of this month of our Mother, our prayer was answered. The joy of a daughter leading her father to the altar railing and seeing him receive Our Dear

Lord for the first time in her life is indescribable. I heard about the remarkable answers to prayer at the Tuesday novenas and decided to begin them in February, 1930. After attending afternoon devotions I changed to the Novena Mass and receiving Holy Communion every Tuesday. But up to January of this year I had not received an answer to my many petitions. Then I decided to enroll my name as a member of the Archconfraternity, believing that in the union of the prayers of all the members there is greater strength. Since then I have received six answers, and the above wonderful favor for my father was the last. Many thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help; my faith in her grows stronger every week. I thank the Congregation for their united prayer.—St. Louis, Missouri.

* * *

Dear Father: At my mother's request I began the Tuesday Novena devotions at the Rock Church about two years ago. During this time I attended faithfully every Tuesday except when business for the company called me out of town. Besides this, I said a Novena prayer every day. I was seeking a position which offered better advantages and opportunities and paid a wonderful salary. I felt confident that Our Mother would obtain it for me. After attending Tuesday devotions for two years, I received the position I had been seeking. This convinced me more than ever of the great power the Blessed Virgin has with God. I shall ever be thankful to Our Mother of Perpetual Help. The inclosed offering is for Masses for the Poor Souls. . . . "Just a modern Catholic young man."—St. Louis, Missouri.

* * *

Dear Father: Our Lady's protection was made clear to me some years ago, when I was about to marry a non-Catholic young woman. When I was about to leave her residence one evening, it was nearing twelve o'clock, and I recalled that I had four Hail Marys unsaid of my daily Rosary. I stopped talking long enough to privately recite these few prayers, and when finished, I was unable to say another word about our approaching marriage. Plainly, I was tongue-tied. I left her home, and the engagement was broken. Later I married a truly pious convert, and I have never failed to thank Our dear Lady for her intercession. I have persisted in the daily recitation of her Rosary, and can never thank our favored Mother of Perpetual Help for her much needed intercession.—Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Catholic Anecdotes

GEMMA'S REQUEST

In the life of Gemma Galgani, a saintly girl almost of our own days, we read this beautiful trait from her childhood days. It concerns her love for our Lord.

Gemma never could forget her good mother. She remembered how mother's face beamed whenever she received Our Lord in Holy Communion. She remembered too how her own heart beat fast and faster whenever her mother, after Communion would say to her:

"Come, dear Gemma, Mother wants to give you the kiss of Jesus." How happy she was when she felt Jesus so near her.

She could not forget those happy days. That is why she said to her teachers and to the priest:

"Give me Jesus."

They looked at her and smiled. She was only nine years old, and so little that everyone thought she was only six. In those days children were not so fortunate as now. That was before "the children's Pope," Pius X, permitted the little ones to approach the Holy Table as soon as they knew what Communion meant. So they said to Gemma:

"Wait, little one, till you are twelve years old." But Gemma begged and begged:

"Give me Jesus. You will see that I will be good. I will not sin again. I'll be a much better girl. Give me Jesus for I feel that I cannot live without Him."

These beautiful words, this cry of purest love for Our Lord, touched the heart of the priest and he permitted her to receive Holy Communion.

HIS ONE CONSOLATION

Brother Francis lay dying. He was only forty-two years old,—in the prime of life. All the years of his religious life he had spent at one place, teaching school. No one knew his family name,—no one knew where he came from,—and it did not matter. He was Brother Francis to all,—brother to all his fellow-men and especially to the boys who came under his care.

Some days before his death, speaking to his superior who stood at the bedside, Brother Francis said:

"I used to be very anxious formerly and afraid of death. But I am no longer afraid now nor troubled. For I can say that I have always tried my best to instruct my boys in religion especially. During my life I have given about 15,000 classes in religion; I did not do it half-heartedly, but prepared carefully for each class. That is now my joy and consolation; all fear is gone."

SUFFICIENT KNOWLEDGE

Mother Rita Scheuer, a Benedictine nun who died in 1925 with the reputation of a saint, wrote the following simple lines to one of her sisters who was sick in a hospital:

"Holy Will of God! Let that be your consolation and your strength in the hours of suffering and pain through which you now are passing. It is so consoling to rest in the Will of God, that makes even the sharpest pain bearable. Be the Saviour's loving child, following His example of complete resignation to the Will of His Father."

What ever befalls us, we know that somehow it is God's will or permission. We know, too, that God loves us more dearly and tenderly than any, even the most sympathetic human being could love us. Why then, fret,—why question,—why seek for explanations? Adore His Holy Will in loving confidence, trust that He knows best, and use the present happenings to the best of your ability.

Dear Father: I send this small offering to be used for some charitable purpose in thanksgiving for a very great blessing or favor received. My son wrote me a short time ago that he was going to be married, and decided to be married by a protestant minister to please his young lady's mother. I wrote him how it grieved me. I also wrote the pastor of the church he had attended to help save him. I prayed to Our Blessed Mother and to the Five Wounds of Our Divine Saviour to prevent such a marriage. So, very late one evening this last week a special delivery letter came to me from him saying that they would be married July 2nd by a priest. His little wife will take instructions right away, and he is sure she will be a very good little Catholic. Thanks to Our Dear Mother and Her Divine Son.—Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Pointed Paragraphs

LET THE LITTLE ONES COME

The new school year is about to commence. Again, all over the country, the doors of schools over whose roof gleams the Cross of Our Lord, are opening to the children.

It makes us think of many things. It makes us happy for the more than two million children who are able to receive the splendid education that our schools, thanks to the untiring efforts of our teachers, many of whom spent their vacation time fitting themselves more and more for their task, have to offer. It makes us proud of the sacrifices that so many of our good people are making to maintain our beloved schools, even through the hard times that bring worry to homes that knew it not before. It makes us thank God for the teachers who consecrate their lives and their best efforts to the education of God's little ones.

But it makes us think, too, with a feeling of sorrow of the millions,—no, this is not an exaggeration,—who are not going to a Catholic school. And it makes us pray too that many, many more of the children now at school, and out of school, would be led to follow the noble example of their teachers and consecrate themselves, in their turn, to God's work. For, in the words of Our Lord, the harvest indeed is ripe, but the laborers are few.

There are probably a hundred thousand teaching Brothers and Sisters in our United States,—a splendid army; but what is that when we reckon the great need!

OUR GREAT OPPORTUNITY

Talking to a young man, one day, I found him discontented and rebellious about his religious duties. His companions seemed to have no prohibitions and no fear for eternity. His faith, however, made him shrink from many of their pleasures. He meant to save his soul, but it was difficult in this world of ours.

"Since life is thrust upon us, how is it possible that we are held responsible for so much?" he seemed to ask.

Perhaps a parable will help. The son of a millionaire steel king,—blase and weary,—was talking to the poor son of an iron puddler. Said the son of the steel king:

"I've had such hard, hard luck! I've had such unpleasant things thrust upon me,—a fortune of several million dollars, a palace for a home, the future management of a large steel industry! Why am I made responsible for so much.

"Fool!" thought the son of the puddler. "What an opportunity he has!" Father Lord suggests the parable and adds: "Life is a glorious and marvellous opportunity. It is the greatest natural gift, with which come all other gifts; it is the road to eternity, the time of merit, the opportunity filled with every possible grace, of winning a heaven of infinite happiness."

To speak of having life "thrust upon you," is utterly pagan in tone. To a pagan life is worthless, a period filled with weariness and pain that ends in an ugly grave. If God thrust such a life upon us, we might resent it. But the Christian knows that He has given us with life the glorious opportunity of winning an eternity in heaven.

And because the opportunities of life are so vast, its responsibilities are correspondingly important. So are the responsibilities of a man gifted with a marvellous mind, with the power of authorship, with the gift of music.

Take the opportunity of life and use it splendidly and gladly to win the fuller and happier life that is eternal.

KEEPING LIFE LOVELY

"Would you be so kind," writes a young lady, "as to advise me which is the most austere order of nuns, . . . I want so much to join an order, but would only be satisfied with the most austere."

And there are people in the world today,—and I am not thinking of downright pagans and materialists, but just ordinary folks tainted with the pleasure-mad spirit of the times,—who would consider this girl's desire sickly.

To such, ascetic life is simply a complete annihilation of nature, an attempt to extirpate its forces. This conception of their mind may be only the secret excuse for their dread of sacrifice. But more than this, it is absolutely wrong. The ascetic life, the religious life, is the

most positive assertion of the powers of human nature,—the art of self-discipline.

Today more than ever before, we need men and women who practise this art of self-discipline and sacrifice, in order to set high ideals before the world and to prove the practicability of a life of self-restraint.

And just here lies the justification,—even from a sociological standpoint,—of the life of the strictly cloistered orders. They do not like other orders devote their life to things that can be seen, such as nursing the sick, teaching, or corporal works of mercy; so that they are thought useless.

Dr. Fr. Foerster, though not a Catholic, appreciates this value of the cloistered convents. He says:

"There should be gifted personalities who know how to sacrifice not only the ugliest but even the most beautiful things in life,—not in order to embitter earthly things for man, but in order to liberate them from the dangers of misuse, exaggeration, and overvaluation, which lies ready in man's nature. Of the great followers of Christ it may be said that they, too, take the guilt of the world upon themselves; they sacrifice so much because the others are able to sacrifice so little."

This is why the Saints have always been an inspiration. How many have found courage for heroic living in the life of a St. Francis, a St. Rita, a St. Therese, the Little Flower and hundreds of others!

IF IT IS DOUBTFUL

He,—the proud young father,—was busily engaged assembling his duds for an evening out. He and she were going to a party together. He picked up a collar and looked at it.

"Madge," he called to the wife who was dolling up likewise, "do you think this collar is good enough for this evening?"

Madge didn't even stop patting the rebellious hair into place; she didn't even take her eyes off the mirror. She simply said:

"If it's doubtful, dear, it's dirty: there are plenty of clean ones in the drawer."

And the same might be said of stories, of shows, of conversations, of companionship. And if we went on that principle in these matters of our souls as carefully as we do in the matter of our clothes, how many temptations and falls would be spared!

WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

The Catholic Theater Movement, a committee composed chiefly of laymen in New York, issues a Bulletin in which they list the plays that can be recommended, and give their reason for condemning the others.

In the latest Bulletin, out of forty shows now current on the New York stage, we find only one play recommended. And this committee is not a bit squeamish.

Only one play out of forty deserving recommendation! Surely this fact is deserving of comment. It fills us with sorrow as we think of the theater goers, innocent or thoughtless or curious, who seek the theaters for their entertainment. It fills us with disappointment as we think of the promises made by the producers.

What do they pay for the entertainment they receive? I do not mean, how much money must they lay out, I mean, what must they give in intangible and immeasurable goods,—mind, morality, religion?

Are you helping to keep the theaters bad by frequenting them?

THE BUILDERS

A party of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris were the guests of a Grenoble group of business men and were taken to visit the Grande Chartreuse or Monastery of the Carthusian Monks, in the Dauphine. The Monks who once inhabited it, had been driven out and the monastery confiscated years ago.

One of the Americans, on being asked what impressed him most about the place, said:

"The absence of the Monks. Yes, what one misses in this place is just the people who built it. In these splendid and impressive cloisters a visitor cannot help asking: 'Where are the men who erected this wonderful building?' It is not a question of religion with me. I am not a Catholic. It is a question of justice. When men have built for noble ends a place like this, they ought to be left to live in it."

These words of the American, comments the Commonweal, struck us as being especially apt in view of the pillage and desecration of sacred places which is in progress in many parts of the world at present.

Catholic Events

A report dated from Vatican City, states that the dispute between the Fascist Government and the Vatican over the suppression of the Catholic Youth clubs has been definitely settled.

Details of the accord were not made known, but it is understood that the agreement would be made public within a few days. It is stated however that the quarrel had been ended to the entire satisfaction of the Church.

* * *

Official confirmation, it is stated, has been given from the Vatican, to the reports that Cardinal Pacelli is to resign as Papal Secretary of State, to which post he was named in February, 1930. He sought the Pope's permission to resign, it was said, but the Pope asked him to wait until the difficulties with Italy over the Catholic Action organizations had been settled.

* * *

Recently Leon Trotsky, the Russian Communist leader (a Jew, whose real name is Leo Bronstein), wrote a booklet entitled "The Spanish Revolution and the Ten Commandments of the Spanish Communist." The editor of "Civiltà Cattolica," the Rev. Enrico Rosa, S.J., gives an interesting summary of this remarkable pronunciamento, which throws light on the Spanish situation.

The first part of Trotsky's work is dated Prinkipo, January 24, 1931 (just after the Jaca insurrection, which took place in December), and contains a resume of the social conditions of Spain, together with a statement of the fundamental principles of the Communist revolution. The second part is dated Kadikoy, April 15, 1931 (immediately after the fall of the Spanish Monarchy), and contains the "Ten Commandments of the Spanish Communist."

As is to be expected, the contents of the first part of the book present the communistic point of view, being intended for the use of Communist agitators. It is significant to note that the Catholic Church is regarded as the principal object of communists hatred:

"Catholicism is still the religion of the State; the clergy are of great importance in the life of the country and they are all reactionaries. The state squanders millions and millions of pesetas annually on the Church."

The Jewish communist plays havoc with arithmetic, multiplying the millions,—failing also to state that what the State allowed the Church was only a part of what it had stolen from her.

"Trotsky continues in this vein: "The numerous religious orders have vast wealth and tremendous influence. The number of monks and nuns is actually equal to the number of children in the elementary

schools and is two and a half times the number of students. Under these conditions it is no wonder that forty-five per cent of the population can neither read nor write. Naturally the majority of the illiterates live in the rural districts."

Remarkable logic of the Communist! Illiteracy is caused by the religious,—by the very ones who conduct most of the schools (a great many of them free schools) and instruct thousands of children without a cent of cost to the State. And it should be borne in mind, that at least three times in the past century,—in 1821, 1841 and 1855,—the State confiscated the property of the Church and of the religious orders;—property used for the education of the people,—without making any effective provision for the educational opportunities thus destroyed.

At the head of this "Program for the Revolution," Trotsky then places: "The separation of the Church from the State, disarming the Church, taking her riches from her and returning them to the people." Quite evidently he considers such spoliation easy of accomplishment, for he remarks: "Even the most superstitious peasants will favor this action as soon as they are given to understand that the money from the State which formerly went to the Church, besides all the riches of the Church, will not go into the pockets of liberals and free-thinkers, but will be used to better the wretched conditions of the peasants themselves."

No doubt, they will be just as disinterested as the Jewish communist agitator, Bela Kuhn, was in Hungary: all the money went into his pocket.

To accomplish the desired result in Spain, Trotsky affirms energetically: "three things are necessary: first, one party; second, one party; third, one party." Above all he wants unity in the Communist party with "juntas" of laborers, of peasants, and of soldiers. He declares war on the heads of the Spanish republican party, the republican-socialists, who, he says, "have a social program that is entirely conservative and an ideal comparable to that of the present-day reactionaries in France."

To accomplish the communistic ideal, he wants to set up "soviets,"—but called by some name that sounds more Spanish,—and particularly desires intensive communistic work among the soldiers.

When the monarchy fell on April 14, Trotsky redoubled his efforts, grew bolder and drew up ten commandments for the use of Spain. We shall quote only the first:

"The monarchy has lost its power but hopes to recover it. The propertied classes are still securely in the saddle. The republican 'bloc' together with the socialists, are fostering a republican revolution to turn the people from a socialist revolution. Do not trust their words! Let us have some deeds! To commence: arrest the heads and principal adherents of the old regime. Confiscate the property of the dynasty and of its loyal adherents! Arm the workers!"

This may explain some of the recent events in Spain. But it still leaves us asking how it is that such agitation can gain headway in a country whose people are predominantly Catholic.

* * *

That the really Catholic people are endeavoring to work for the best interests of their country as well as of their church, may be seen from the opposition that the proposed statute dealing with the relations of Church and State is meeting. The bill was drawn up by a sub-committee, and though it has finished its work, it has hesitated to submit the bill because of the criticism already strong, of the radical elements of the bill. The Catholic representatives in the Cortes are standing their ground, it seems, and the people are on many occasions showing publicly their love for their religion.

* * *

In Mexico there are signs of continuing persecution. The Governor of Vera Cruz, Tejeda, is still pursuing his hostile acts. The Governor of Durango, who seemed to favor the Church, has been removed by Federal order. Churches are closed and some vandalism occurs.

Meanwhile, a memorial complaining that in many states there are neither school buildings nor teachers sufficient to make it possible for all children of school age to attend school, has just been submitted to the President, by the National League of Teachers. The memorial says:

"Official statistics indicate that there are approximately 18,000 schools of all kinds in the country. But we refuse to recognize as such more than 9,000 schools supported by the government or by municipalities. These 9,000 schools do not provide even a mediocre education. They have on value whatever as educational institutions. What is more they are harmful."

* * *

Various organizations of the Archdiocese of Chicago have worked out a plan to provide all pupils of the parochial schools who cannot afford to buy their books with free text-books. The Catholic Boy Scouts, the Catholic Salvage Bureau, and the Council of Catholic Women are the organizations cooperating.

REDEPMTORIST SCHOLARSHIPS

Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish Denver, Colo.).....	\$ 527.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help of St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Calif.).....	1,258.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.)..	2,009.00
Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis)	2,623.52
Burse of St. Joseph, \$1,709.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$2,907.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,968.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$211.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Ann, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$22.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$2,036.44; Burse of St. Peter, \$247.25; Burse of St. Alphon- sus, \$43.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$405.00; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$4,514.00; Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Knoxville), \$2,100.00; Promoters' Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$2,964.79; Mary Gockel Burse, \$12.00; Father Nicholas Franzen Memorial Burse, \$70.43.	

Some Good Books

Prayer. By Dom Thomas Verne Moore, monk of the Order of Saint Benedict. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 219 Pages. Price, \$1.25.

In this book the learned and internationally recognized authority on psychology and psychiatry, Dom Thomas V. Moore,—whose Dynamic Psychology and various monographs, reveals the scientific student of the soul, turns his thoughts upon Prayer. He offers us here fourteen instructions, addressed directly to the Oblates of Saint Benedict, but applicable also to all people in the world who wish to lead a devout and a worth-while life.

As is to be expected from a scholar like Dom Moore we find here a real Philosophy of prayer,—so deeply does he probe the nature of it—but also extremely practical points for personal guidance. All is based also on the Gospels and the teachings of the Fathers of the Church, in which Father Moore shows wide reading and understanding.

It is a book that will profit the priest and the religious, and no less the layman who wishes to lead a truly Christian life.

A Priests' Retreat: Ecce Panis Angelorum. Discourses for Priests' Retreats. By Rev. Andrew Hammerle, C.Ss.R. Translated and edited by Rev. John C. Haas, C.Ss.R. Published by Frederick Pustet Co., Cincinnati. 241 pages. Price, \$2.00.

The words of an old priest made a deep impression on Father Hammerle, then a young man. The old priest said: "To have a proper appreciation of his relations to the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, is for the priest to possess all that is necessary for the priestly life." Father Hammerle, then a young priest, resolved to choose this theme as the dominant idea of all his retreats to priests. And in his old age, after a long and successful career, he published these discourses.

Here we have then the fruit of deep reflection and long experience. They will serve not only for the days of Retreat,

but also for the day of monthly recollection and for spiritual reading in general.

The Bible Story. A textbook in biographical form for the use of the Lower Grades of Catholic Schools. By Rev. George Johnson, Ph.D., Dept. of Education, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; Rev. Jerome D. Hannan, D.D., Dept. of Religion, Mt. Mercy College, Pittsburg, Pa.; and Sister M. Dominica, O.S.U., M.A., Superior of Model School, Sacred Heart Junior College and Normal School, Louisville, Ky. 256 pages, large size type, and 58 pictures in four colors specially drawn for this book. List price, 87c; net to schools, 65c. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

The names of the authors who have collaborated on this book, would be guarantee sufficient of its excellency. Each one is an experienced teacher and an authority on pedagogical methods.

One glance at the book itself impresses one immediately with the idea: Here is the best in modern methods applied to the teaching of Bible History.

The book is a delight to the eye, with its print and illustrations, and its content is a delight to the soul of the child. I can speak from observation—for I used the book at an Industrial School for Boys.

The Saviour as St. Matthew Saw Him. Meditations on the First Gospel for the Use of Priests and Religious. Vol. III. By the Rev. Francis J. Haggeney, S.J. 262 pages. Price, \$2.00.

The same qualities that won our praise for Vol. I and II of this series, are equally evident in Vol. III.

One is delighted, really, to see the thought of Our Divine Saviour as recorded in the simple words of the Gospel, unfolded until it yields richest fruit; and then to see how it fits our modern conditions and circumstances and cuts to the very heart of things.

It is well written, devout, yet intellectual, and immensely practical.

There is no index; probably this will appear at the end of the last volume.

Lucid Intervals

Mrs. Bargainhunt: Dear, the messenger has just brought my new dress which I bought for a song—and here's the bill.

Mr. B-hunt: All right, darling, send him in and I'll sing to him.

"Did you make these biscuits, my love?"

"Yes, dear, why do you ask?"

"Well, you know the doctor warned you not to do any heavy work."

"How are you getting along with your bees?"

"Very well. We haven't much honey, but the bees have stung my mother-in-law several times."

Customer: Can I depend on these buttons being sewed on tight?

Tailor: Can you? Say, my last customer had on one of these suits and when he sneezed the buttons held so fast that he ripped the coat right up the back.

Goofus: I would like to see a dog-wood cane.

Clerk: Yes, sir—one with the bark on it?

Andy: I had an awful time with Amos last night.

Kingfish: Amos who?

Andy: A mosquito.

"So you went to the hospital for an operation. What did the doctor get out of you?"

"A new auto."

O'Flaherty: Now, you've been fighting again. You've lost your two front teeth.

Son—No, I ain't Pop; I got 'em in me pocket.

Scollop: Have you seen Ripsnort lately?

Wollop: Yes; he tells me he just returned from an inside-outing.

Scollop: What in the world is that?

Wollop: Well, he was sick the whole time he was at sea!

A good minister recently purchased a second hand flivver which was not so good. For a week he drove it about the country by himself and time and again it would stop without the slightest warning. After a hard week, the good minister appeared in church. The organ was playing lustily when suddenly it stopped. In the embarrassed silence which followed, the congregation was much astonished to see the minister rest his head on his hands, and exclaim:

"Now, what the heck's the matter?"

Pat, the perennial, was precariously journeying down the street, one foot on the curb, the other on the street. A friend met him and kindly assisted him to the sidewalk. Trembling with emotion and with something else Pat murmured:

"Glory be to God, I thought I should be lame for the rest of my life."

Drunk: Shay, where does Tom Maloney live?

Friend: Why you're Tom, old boy.

Drunk: Sure! But where does he live?

Visitor: My dear, won't you come and sit on my knee?

Little Nell: No, ma'am, I daresn't.

Visitor: What do you mean, you daresn't?

Little Nell: Well, ma told me to keep on this chair so the hole in the upholstery wouldn't show.

A Hebrew storekeeper's show window to the surprise of his brethren was suddenly adorned with a gorgeous new blind.

Aaron: "Nice blind you have."

Isaac: "Yes, Aaron."

Aaron: "Who paid for it, Isaac?"

Isaac: "The customers paid, Aaron."

Aaron: "What, the customers paid for it?"

Isaac: "Yes, Aaron, I put a little box on my counter, 'For the Blind,' and they paid for it."

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